

Did I Hear You Say You Love Me? by pendragonfics

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Other(s), Reader, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington/Reader, Steve Harrington/You

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Summary:

During the school holidays of 1983, Will Byers organizes a DND campaign at his house. Reader, his elder sister, is cooped up in the house while everyone else has dates or social lives. Will and his friends concoct a plan.

Did I Hear You Say You Love Me?

Author's Note:

This was inspired by the Stevie Wonder song, [*Did I Hear You Say You Love Me*](#), which, I recommend listening to. Not just because the fic is kinda based on it toward the end, but because it's a decent jam and we all deserve happiness.

Being the older twin, it's hardly an achievement. Everyone looks to you to be the most mature, the one in charge when the adults aren't around. You'd rather be the one who was born eighteen minutes later, to be honest. Except, Jonathan isn't much better than you; he's always acting like he's Dad, trying to make everything get by in the Byers house. And while it sucks majorly to take care of everyone when Mom was out trying to make ends meet and save the day with Chief Hopper, it's normal.

You, ____ Byers, are basically a Mom. Sans the kids. And childbirth.

And while that sucks majorly, it was that trait which was the saving grace that you used to whip your friends and brother to action when you saw that something was off about Will. If you were Nancy, Jonathan's girlfriend, you'd be doing anything to not be the Mom. She's seventeen, just like you, and while you're making sure your kid brother's friends don't accidentally burn down the house making Eggos, she's got good grades and a legion of friends.

"We're having a DND night next Tuesday," Will says, sitting beside you on your bed. You can hear him despite the fact you're listening to Cyndi Lauper through your little tape deck, and taking off your headphones, you place them upon the ears of your younger brother. "*Girls Just Want to Have Fun?*" He asks, humming to the tune. "This record is new, how'd you get it?"

You bite your lip. "Harrington. He said he picked up the wrong tape at the music store," you look at the tape's cover on the desk, and back to Will, "Don't know how he confused it for The Eagles."

Will laughed to himself. “He *likes* you,” he nudges you. You make a noise of denial. “I’ve seen it! He looked at you the same way Jonathan did when he saw Nancy at the Snowball.” Will says proudly.

“You’re just trying to get me to make a move,” you wave off his theory, clicking the tape deck to stop playing Cyndi. “So, what was it you said when you came in? You’re going to have your friends over to *not* play DND?”

He shakes his head. “No, we are. Our campaign has us –,”

You groan. “Okay, okay, I hear you. I’ll babysit for sure, if you don’t tell me all about it!” you attack Will with a bout of tickling. For a minute, it’s just like when you were kids, before Mom and Dad divorced, and everything wasn’t crazy wild. “Like, I have no idea what any of it means – why isn’t it the same as *The Hobbit*? I get *The Hobbit*.”

“Noo!” He cries. “Stop tickling!” Will laughs, pushing your hands from his armpits, eyes screwed up in laughter, filled with happy tears. “Thanks, _____. Jonathan can’t do it, because he’s taking Nancy to the drive-in to watch some sappy movie.”

You turn to Will, and add, “Just make sure your friends get rides here, okay? Jonathan’s gonna take the car, and there is no way I’m biking around town to gather your friends like the pied piper.”

Will laughs. “You’re weird.” As he goes to get off the bed, he adds, “But you won’t have to do that. Steve’s bringing everyone around, Dustin talked him into it.”

You make a face. “How did Dustin make King Steve do that? I mean, he barely knows him! I barely know him, and I don’t get rides around Hawkins in his fancy car,” you tell your brother.

Will shrugs. “Well, Steve’s nice now. And maybe you don’t get car rides, but he did kind of gave you a Cyndi Lauper tape,” he points out. The walkie-talkie on his side makes a crackling noise, and Will leaves to take the call.

You sit there on your bed, silent.

School holidays are the worst. Not because you're basically left to your own devices when your Mom is off canoodling with her 'good friend' Jim (you really want to pressure her into spilling that she likes Jim as more than a friend, but the last time you did that...it ended up with the other guy dying in the Hawkins National Laboratory). And because you're honestly a big nerd who has no friends, you're left mooching around the house like a loser, hanging out with your kid brother's friends and re-reading those musty old love novels that lay around the house.

Tuesday comes around, and once again, your Mom has gotten a ride into town with Chief Hopper. Jonathan is dressed in his favourite band t-shirt and has taken Nancy out to see *Flashdance*. And Will's friends are rolling around, and from the sound of the engine of the BMW, Steve's coming in too.

You glance down at your outfit, suddenly self-conscious. Your baggy jeans and *Jaws* t-shirt aren't exactly a ballgown, and your hair looks like a tumbleweed. But it's too late to do anything about it, because Lucas and the others come through the front door. Mike is humming the *Ghostbusters* theme.

"Hi _____, wicked shirt!" Dustin says, beaming at you with his new teeth.

You nod. "Thanks, buddy."

He nods to the porch, where Steve is walking up the stairs. "Is it okay if Steve stays over while we play? My Mom feels better knowing he's around." He looks over to the table where the game is set up, and clamours for a good seat. "Shotgun!"

As Steve walks through the door, you feel your breath go short. His hair is nice as always, and the bruises he got from Billy Hargrove that night at your place are finally fading into an ugly brown shade under his skin tone. But he's still gorgeous, despite the all the scratches, the

healing busted lip.

“Hey,” you greet, shoving your hands in your pockets.

“Hey, cool shirt,” he nods, looking to the kids as they muck around by the kitchen table. “Dustin’s Mom asked if I could hang around while they played, she’s a little on edge since she lost her cat, and Barb’s funeral.”

You nod, understanding. Mrs. Henderson was a great Mom; if your Mom had more time in the day, she’d surely be fast friends with her. Will comes into the room and gives El a hug as she walks through the door. “Ready to begin, Mage?”

Max rolls her eyes, taking a seat beside Lucas. El gives her shoulder a playful punch and sits beside Mike. “Ready, Cleric.”

You point behind you to the bedrooms, and call out, “I’ll just be listening to records, shout if you need anything,” you tell the kids. You look to Steve, “If you want to hang out here, it’ll be less boring.”

Your room is a bit of a mess, and realising this, you begin to shove the books into somewhat of a pile, the notepaper where you’ve been doodling cartoons of your favourite superheroes into a pile beneath your math textbook.

“So, what did you have in mind?” Steve asks you, looking at the posters that are in the process of peeling from the wall. Your David Bowie tour poster looks worse for wear, yet, he looks at it like it’s what hung the moon in the sky. “I brought some of my favourite tapes, if you wanted to listen.” From his jean jacket pockets, he produces three tapes, handing them to you.

“Sounds cool.” You nod, inspecting the art on them. “Stevie Wonder, U2, Ramones...these are decent tunes, Harrington.” You beam, turning to place Stevie in your tape deck. “You’ve got good taste.”

“Uh, thanks.” Steve sits on the edge of your bed, looking at your dogeared second-hand copy of *Frankenstein*. “When I was on my way over, one of the kids said something – I mean they’re probably messing with me or something –,”

You cross your arms, listening to the sweet opening to the first song. “Let me guess. They said that I was super into you.” You twirl your hair over a finger like some valley girl bimbo. “Like, down on my knees, begging God before bed to send me my very own Steve Harrington –,”

He shakes his head. “Mike said that he heard that Jonathan said to Nancy that he heard you talking about the new Cyndi Lauper album, and then Will said that you liked it, and...” he looks at his hands. “_____, ever since I met you in second grade, you’ve been the coolest person I ever met. And it only took me until now to realise that I liked you more than just a friend.”

You frown, just as Stevie Wonder sings the song *Did I Hear You Say You Love Me*. “Wait...this isn’t you using me as a rebound for my brother’s girlfriend,” you process aloud, “...you like me? Like Han and Leia?”

Steve nods, a blush covering his cheeks, and repeats, “Yeah, like Han and Leia.”

You giggle, and grabbing his hands, pull Steve up to dance around in your bedroom. “This might just be the best Tuesday in the world,” you tell him, dancing like a dork. “Because...I feel the same way, Harrington.”

As you pull him in to kiss, you don’t see the crowd of kids peering through the crack of the half-closed door, watching as you two adolescents *finally* got together. You don’t see Will beaming, you don’t see Max holding Lucas’ hand.

Your eyes are closed, and you’re close to Steve Harrington, listening to Stevie Wonder. And it is, for you, the best Tuesday in the world. Ever.

Author's Note:

You can find me on Tumblr on as @chaotic--lovely, and if you want to request a fic, check out [@pendragonfics](#)! ٩.٠.٢❀